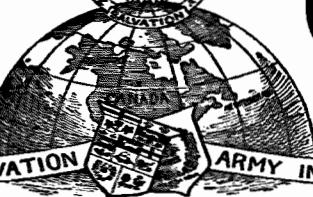


WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL

GAZETTE

OF THE
SALVATION

ARMY IN

CANADA

AND

NEWFOUNDLAND.

VOL. XI. NO. 3. [General of the S. A. Forces throughout the world.]

TORONTO, OCT. 20, 1894.

WILLIAM BOOTH, HERBERT H. BOOTH,

[Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.]

PRICE 5 CENTS.

SALVATION GOOD FOR THE BODY AND SOUL

WE ONLY USE TO HAVE CRUSTS

WE HAVE PUDDING & BEEF NOW.

"PUDDIN' AN' BEEF, SIR."

(SEE FRONTISPICE.)

Our frontispiece, this week, well illustrates the amusing little story which is told of an English school boy. He was but a wee child, and in the class that morning the master was conducting a reading lesson. In the course of the reading the class came to the word "salvation."

"And what, children, is the meaning of this word 'salvation'?" asked the master.

For a moment there was silence. The baby-brains of the little ones could not interpret so long a word. Then, as if struck with a revelation, little Tommy put up his hand and said :

"I know, sir."

"Well," queried the teacher, "what?"

"Puddin' an' beef, sir," said Tommy, with an animated face.

"Pudding and beef!" interjected the teacher, severely, "what do you mean?"

Tommy was afraid he had done wrong, and putting his little chubby fist to his eye to wipe away the gathering tear, rejoined :

"I know, sir, as how we didn't use to have nothing but crusts and water, sir, afore father got salvation, but since then, sir, (brightening) we've had puddin' an' beef."

Tommy's reply was more practically correct than the teacher anticipated, but the story expounds the facts in many thousands of homes, where God and the Army have entered. Canada has, we believe, fewer drunken homes than many other English-speaking countries, and yet in many an instance Tommy's story has been true of our Canadian homes, and there is much left to be done. Let us be encouraged in the knowledge that in our great work of saving souls we are striking at the root of nine tenths of the people's misery, and doing more than any outside circumstances can possibly do to bring life-long happiness to their homes and hearts.

A CALL TO ARMS.

An Open Letter to Officers, Soldiers, and Friends of the Central Ontario Province.

MY BELOVED COMRADE,

You will have read in the WAR CRY that our beloved General has kindly consented to visit Lindsay on the 19th of the month.

A Thousand Hallelujahs!

Hundreds of our officers, soldiers, and friends will avail themselves of this opportunity to see and hear our loved and honored leader, as this is the only place our General will touch in this Province before his return from the States.

God Bless Our General.

For fourteen years I have known General Booth, and to-day, like many thousands more, I love him as a leader, father in God, and friend. His words have cheered and blessed a thousand times, whilst his noble example has been a stimulus and force incalculable.

Now for Lindsay. Rail travelling is expensive; horses and rigs are cheap; oats are dirt cheap; stabling is free. We are, therefore, arranging a great united cavalcade on wheels, from all points of the Province.

For once we will force winter—every rig must carry a flag, bring a torch, put some streamers on the horses, and

Don't Forget the Bells.

Think of that procession, how every village and town through which you will pass, will be stirred from end to end, and we shall tender to our dear General the united and loving greetings of this Province.

Our General will be there, best of all; Commandant and Mrs. Booth will be there, and God will be there in power and blessing.

Now for a united, mighty effort, if to Lindsay.

A. DE BARRA, Brigadier.

Summerside.—Officers have farewell. Captain Bette and Lieutenant Mather to the front till new leaders arrive.

Fort William.—Pioneer officers called westward. Farewell meeting. Town band waiting at the door to play them to the station. Two souls.

Emerson.—Begging and taking for farewell tea to officers. School house packed, many unable to enter. \$33.50 cleared. Good-bye to six brigadiers.

Moose Jaw.—Captain Scott's welcome meeting. She said she had come to heal some broken hearts, and break some more.

Vancouver.—Captain Corlett on furlough, after many weeks' fight single-handed. Soldiers and friends congregate at the wharf to wish her good-bye. Tears. Prayers.

Newcastle, N.B.—Officers away to muscally. Two souls in the meantime.

THE GENERAL'S NEW WORLD TOUR.

Marks on Maple Leaf Margins.

HAILED BY HALIGONIANS.

All "Electric" Demonstration in the Market Square.

FIVE THOUSAND CHEER THE GENERAL!

The Premier Present, and Speaks—Sunday in the Music Academy—Struggles and Souls—Vast Crowds—“I Goes it Inside”—“Tones.”

HALIFAX, N.S., Sept. 24th, 1894.

We are in the most easterly Province of the Dominion—a long peninsula, 300 miles, by an average width of 90, and with a population of 400,000. Some fifty-eight gold mines are working; coal and various minerals abound; an important trade is carried on in fish. The climate is salubrious, and cereals, vegetables, etc., are produced in large quantities.

Halifax, the Capital,

is the most English city in the Dominion. Its harbor is one of the finest in the world—six miles long and one mile wide. Besides being the chief naval station of British North America, it is also an important military centre; indeed, the place is supposed to be impregnable.

Mingled with its 36,000 inhabitants is a sprinkling of colored people, and a few American Indians. What strikes an old Englander is, on the one hand, the aheadness of the English, and on the other, the backwardness of the Haligonians.

Telephones and Electric Lighting,

not omitting the Londoner's sorrowful envy, the ample spaces the Haligonians have for "moving round"; and on the other, the very indifferent paving and the ugly telegraph poles planted in the sidewalks. But it is a fine place for all that, and the Commandant tells me will probably become more and more important.

The Salvation Army's position in the city is excellent. It has the good-will both of Press and public. The very children one meets to the street are innocent of the sneer which too often accompanies the comments of your English youngster.

"That's My General Booth,"

said an eight-year-old to her playmate as your correspondent passed by.

In a subtle part of the town, the Army is represented by a young but successful Recruit Home, all too small thought to cope with the crisis of a garrison town. Still, the Dominion leaders have acted with much wisdom in planting our red ensign flag in Nova Scotia soil, and cut off the six months' old institution, mighty things are likely to come. Ensign Harry (the Matron) told us that fifteen cases had been already taken in; two of these are now in service; one has been transferred to the St. John Home; one has gone back to her old life, and eleven are still in the Home; one of the latter is only fourteen years of age.

In One Nursery

are six children, and two others have been adopted. On the morning of my hasty call, one of these poor lambs was evidently not far from the home of the Tender Shepherd. Thank God for the love and pity that shelters these innocent babes, as well as the unfortunate sinning mothers. "Do you get them converted?" the WAR CRY man asked, and was told that eight out of the eleven occupants of the House are saved. One of these girls is now in service and about to be enrolled. "Our own scions bring us cases to us, and

Girls Even Come Voluntarily,

but we cannot take them in, as we can only accommodate twelve," merrily spoke the Ensign. However, a bigger, brighter day is undoubtedly coming; the sooner it comes the better, the quicker the dollars roll in. After meeting all opening and furnishing expenses, the funds of the second quarter show a small deficit of \$75, which the sympathy evoked in our Social operations by the General's visit ought to sweep out of existence.

North of the Racine H.M.A., and in the centre of the city is the Salvation Harbor,

Poor Man's Shelter,

and Food Depot. It is a fine looking, spick and span affair. The commodious front or shop portion does duty as a restaurant, and is well patronized by the respectable working classes, as well as the less "tony" brethren. These latter can get a bunk and bath for twelve cents, or bunk or bath only, ten cents respectively.

There are also "tents" (a wonderful word), or what we in England call cubicles, obtainable for fifteen cents. There are

Forty Ten Cent Beds,

which are arranged in two tiers on wooden frames, ship-

berth fashion. The outfit consists of a wire spring wooden mattress, blanket, two sheets, and a pillow. When fully furnished, this four flat building will provide for sixty men. Opened only last May it has not yet been tested by the severity of the winter season, but it is well prepared for the battle. The whole place is heated by means of hot water pipes. As may be

A Hundred Meals per Day

have been supplied. A meeting and reading-room, office, etc., are included. If the ten cents he lacking the man is given some wood to saw. This is made up into small bundles, and sold at the rate of half a cent each. The frequenter of the Harbor, as far as I can gather, would get out much the same as a similar assemblage in our London Institutions. For instance: A poor fellow from the Old Country recently sought the Harbor's aid; he was down on his luck, but was tided over, and is now in his situation.

In another case, a victim to drink and drives to die straits, sheltered here, but, alas! had so wrecked his life that he died in his break craving for beauty.

Most remarkable of all, the Harbor has thus far supported itself. The General squandered out a few minutes from his brimming over day to inspect it, and expressed lively satisfaction with the whole concern.

But stop! I must

Pick up My Party.

The General was promptly domiciled under the hospitable roof of Alderman W. Dennis, Editor of the *Halifax Herald*, and a firm friend of our work. The Commandant brought the good news that Mrs. Herbert's health is better than it has been. And himself? I his English comrades will be asking. Well, he has not put on flesh; a stern, determined, present, bravely fought we is agreed that; but the dashing energy, commanding ability, and fiery speech were not exceeded in the old battle day, say, of Eastbourne or Whitechurch.



A capital description of the Saturday night's warm welcome in the Market Square appeared in the principal Halifax journal. The

Commandant Rendered Sparkling Assistance, and gave to the General, on his own and his Dominion's behalf, the warm welcome of a son and a Territorial Commander. Between 4,000 and 5,000 assembled, who heartily cheered, attentively listened, and eagerly scrutinized the central figure of the occasion. Upon the temporary platform, erected in the centre of the Square, sat a number of the principal gentlemen of the city. Of these the President, the Hon. W. S. Fielding, was the leading speaker. The whole thing went off

With Tremendous Enthusiasm.

SUNDAY'S SUPREME STRUGGLES.

Into the Music Hall, we entered on Sunday night, 1,800 people, though the seating accommodation is said to be only 1,100. In the afternoon we filled it, and in the evening took full possession of the area.

Into the moving and blaring of these ardencies the General threw himself with God-given vigor, but found the task a terrible hard one. At Exeter, or Queen's hall

campaigns of a like powerful calibre, we should have crowded the penitent-form many times. At Halifax, almost each soul had to be prayed and believed and sung and fished for to the point of desperation.



"I shall feel," said the General, at one juncture of his appeals, "that the Lord has stood behind me and helped me to talk," and that God was with him everyone with a grain of spiritual discernment must have acknowledged why then such comparatively small seen results?

A Spirit of Curiosity and Wretched Predisposition.

People sat in their seats—scores of them—too much convicted to leave, and compelled to cling to their chairs to resist the divine impulses which would have drawn them to the Cross.

The citadels of sin and uncleanness were stormed again and again with Holy Ghost power by the General's fervent addresses, the Commandant's and Staff-Captain Malan's strong prayers, and

Colonel Lawley's Soul-Stirring Songs.

Several, thank God, did comply with the General's petition, and made Sunday a "D y of Deliverance."

"Paul's mouth was opened to the Corinthians," said our leader in the morning. "Mine is opened to you Canadians. I say to you the same as he said to them. Don't stop down in these lowlands of experience; swell out—become giants. You have been dwarfing enough. Come along, let's go and kill somebody. God has no doubt got some beautiful state, in this house, but there is just one little spot that spoils their charmer. Are you all round Holy man and woman? If not, that accounts for your timbness. What

Dumb Dogs the Saints

are. They cannot even bark, much less bite. Now then, come on. You may say, "I have got a weakness—I don't call it that—for seeing something done; I am like the children who plant their peat at night and scratch them up in the morning to see if they are growing, only that I want to see some growth at once."

"You people have a remarkable command of your music. I cannot see where you are. Coming across the Atlantic they let down a bucket from the ship and then tested the temperature of the water and found that we had got into the Arctic current. There are

Some Icebergs Here,

this morning, I know."

For the thawing of these, prayer-meeting heat was kindled, and God, the angels, and the General had the joy of seeing a few flowers bloom.

"As many angels as could crammed into the parapet, and listened at the key-hole to hear Paul and Silas sing. God said:

Amen with an Earthquake,

and a halloohop opened the prison gates. Have you never suffered more than you do this afternoon? You may. "We don't do it this way in this country." Well, anyway, you can't be happy without showing it. My dear wife used to say when the baby cried, "Don't shake it; there's a pin or a pain somewhere." So with God's people. Where there's crying and groaning experience there is pain, something wrong."



THE GENERAL CONDUCTS A MEETING ON THE SHIP, GOING TO PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

And the General charged impetuously down upon the trivialities that keep back the streams of light and liberty from the soul that make it

Always on the Skinner.

Full salvation would sweep this state of things away and at the halloohop canaries singing on all the boughs and branches of the heart, he illustrated by the story of three poor women at the wash-tub, the first of whom said her song was, "My Jesus, I love Thee"; the other that hers was, "My God, I am Thine"; while the third, who had lost her voice, honestly whispered, "I can't sing now, but I gone it inside."

Things began to wake up. A woman testified that if she had a dozen hours they should all be given to Jesus. Two or three knelt under the foot-lights, and just as Colonel Lawley had reached the middle of the benediction the Commandant marched a captive to the form, who proved to be a backslacker, a man who had beaten the drum for the General when he was in the Dominion eight years ago.

To the throngs who assembled at night, and especially to those who heard him for the first time, the General must have appeared

A Veritable Nineteenth Century Elijah,

the prophet about whom and whose God he spoke so inspiringly. When early in the protracted prayer-meeting two were kneeling at the front, the General cried, "I feel proud of two, but

What will they say in Heaven?

if you who ought to come out do not obey?" The Commandant, Brigadier Jacobs, Major Kerr, and a gang of sailors encircled the area and galleries. The platform stuck to their knees; the General directed operations; Colonel Lawley lieutenant, and for more than an hour a grand fight was waged, and every trophy was won at the point of the bayonet.



PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND WELCOMES THE GENERAL.

Throughout the day the Commandant conducted magnificent open-air in the Market Square and other centres, were held, attracting big crowds and exciting unlimited interest. The soldiers, from a snap shot acquaintance, are excellent material, whether No. I or No. II corps are taken. In the first the flag-sung out is a Orimans veteran, one of the handsmen a corporal in the King's Liverpool regiment, who is exceeding a most un-familiar influence in his barracks sphere, while others of the Queen's men are Salvationists, particularly a stirring blue-jacket, who took the collection in his cap. Then there's "Venus" as eccentric as he is good; and dear "Aunt Ann," a lady of color, besides many other notables, whom we rubbed against without knowing it.

Before these corps, on the lines so plainly laid down by the General there is a future luminous with hope and big with blessing.

One meeting only, we believe, has originally been planned for Monday out of consideration for the General after the very great strain inevitable from a Sunday's campaign. But on the plea that "he had not come all the way to rest but to work," our indefatigable leader got himself entered for two extra engagements. The first of these was

An Informal Friendly Chat

with S. A. friends, well-wishers, etc., in the No. I barracks. This building deserves a word of praise, being lofty, substantially built (especially for us) lighted by electricity, has a sloping floor; and will seat five hundred people.

In an interesting conversation away the General detailed to a small representative company the inception, progress, and ramifications of our movement, inviting questions on the various aspects under notice. A gentleman in the audience very kindly referred to the Army's

local work, and on behalf of the audience thanked the General for the statements he had so ably laid before them. In reply to this gentleman's enquiry the General was warmly applauded upon stating that seventy-five per cent of our Recove cases are permanently restored. Judge de Wolf, of Windsor, N.S., earnestly hoped the General would give his serious attention to the great North-West as a site for his Over-the-Sea Colony. This he promised to do. Among the many who pressed forward to shake hands with our leader, and wish him God-speed, was

Father Murphy,

the originator of the gold cure for drunkenness, and one or two military gentlemen.

Afternoon and night, the Academy of Music was again occupied. The first was a highly spiritual time, the General giving one of three definite, incisive addresses which are so valuable as lifts to a higher, deeper broader life. He was rewarded by seeing candidates at the penitent-form for this blessed, desirable attainment. It was a treat rarely enjoyed. The speaker had the audience in an intensity of interest, which made the hour and a half which he consumed in his address seem but a few minutes." Thus the Halifax *Advertiser*. At this, ex Mayor Macintosh presided, having a capable "Lieutenant" in the Commandant. The Chairman, in terms of approval, referred to the fact of his having stood sponsor to the Army when it first opened in the town, eight or nine years ago, during his Mayoralty. Said it might well appropriate the motto of the English Artillery, "Everywhere," and declared his belief that the work our organization was doing came closest to that done by the great Mac-ters when on earth.

The General sat down amid a hearty applause, after a speech which teemed with fact and suggestion of the greatest concern to Christian humanitarians, government's, and communities, and included some shrewd local—or rather Dominion—allusions of an impudent character. For instance, when touching on the Over-the-Sea Colony,

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MAJOR HARDING.

A Night on the London Streets

SOME TOUCHING SCENES.

Does the Coat or the Character Make the Man?

THIS question may appear superficial to those who don't know what it is to be thankful for the cast-offs of Potticote Lane. But I assure them, after only six hours' experience as a homeless individual on the streets of the East End of London, that the color and cut of a man's coat has much, very much indeed, to do with the forming and stereotyping of his destiny. As illustrating this conclusion I will, at the outset of my pilgrimage, refer my readers to but three scenes.

It was a quarter-past seven p.m. when I got as far as the Mansion House. I halted there to discuss with myself the advantages of tramping or riding to Whitechapel.

Now, I don't unduly flatter myself, I think, when I say that my face is that of an honest man's. My ancestors were distinguished for adventure and integrity. If some of them did steal sheep among the glens of Inverness-shire, and others were notorious 'bees' and whiskey-smugglers, well—they did it honestly—I mean, straight and above-board. They were known as such! Consequently, if anyone wants to wound me deeply, just throw the slightest shadow of suspicion over my fair name, and Macbeth in a tempest is not in it. Hence the bitterness of my soul when a "upper" glowered at me as I stood, Spain-like, one yard from the steps of the Mansion House.

His look was piercing. Its effect upon me was to open my eyes, I admit, to the contrast between myself and the gentry who passed me by—slackers, masher, and dashers, clerks and counter-jumpers; fair maidens and grim ladies; young dandies and old fussy-wobbles—such a medley of humanity as only can be seen at the Mansion House. There I stood in the midst—an intrusive and suspicious character. The bobby's look brandished me. I felt it. And yet, why should I?

Though poor, I was clean. My under-togs had come that day from the wash. If my hat had come that day from the wash, it was paid for. It cost me one penny. Could the hat be said of Miss Flawpot's bonnet? My trousers were certainly fringed and flimsy, but, then, they were also purchased for twopence. My vest was not visible, and, therefore, its depravity no one knew. My coat, of an emerald hue, had seen better days I confess. Besides, it was a misfit; but not one whit more ludicrous than the baggy-shaped broad-cloth of Mr. Throgmynbob that turned up his nose, almost leaping past me.

"Move on!" said the Mansion House constable, after giving me a see-and-look. I paid no attention. Why should I take the order to myself?

"Move on, I tell you!" he repeated.

"In a minute," I replied, "I'm thinking." "Come, come," he said, almost gently, "clear out of this!" His manner quite mollified me, and not wishing to get into trouble just then, I opened my bag (I omitted to describe it—brown, and made for a lawyer's brief) brought forth a WAR CRY, held up its seductive frontispiece to him and said, with an air of sweet innocence, "Will you kindly accept this Mr. Officer?"

The policeman tumbled to my performance at once, sniffl'd, and himself moved on! All the same I was suspected, simply because of my attire.

For the same reason, the bus conductor—for I had decided to ride—lifted his eyebrows, rolled up his upper lip, and gave me a look as I ascended the top—equivalent to—"What is that bird up to?" Still, I allow a certain percentage of suspicion for bus conductors. Detectiveness is their strong point.

Now, when I sat down that night in "Terry's celebrated and Far-Famed Ed-Pie Shop," in Whitechapel Road, to a

see 'im hista his work. I told 'im as or went that he was good to me, and I doant mind tellin' yer that I mopped."

"Bet why? Has he been doing wrong?" "What at! My man do wrong? Not he—although it's no disgrace to say it—is it?—we ain't married yet."

"Not married; but—"

"Now, doan's look brown, old feller. (This ere oil-pie is spiffin', ain't it ducky? There's too much sauce though. You see I had a bitter and a steak pudding. Sance is bad for th' digestin'.)" He works at sausages—gits twenty shillings full time year knows, and twenty-five when 'xcurions on. He giv's me all his tin—so he can't be bad, can he now?"

"Well, that is one good feature about him. But would it not be better for the children if you were to get decently married?"

My would-be companion reflected a moment, pitched the last skin of eel out of sight and then turned round and looked me full in the face. Afraid lest my honest looks shou'd betray me, I tried to appear something else.

"Don't cher know, old chap, that if he turns cranky or goes with someone else, I'm free? But he sint. The law-er can

"I draw the line at that!" "What—only eels, then?" Bah! Come on, ducky," she continued, turning to her lovely, fair-haired child, "we'll have one ourselves."

"Stralin' round the 'orn, Koochie people down, 'Avin a jolly go'd time, you bet, Tasting of every kind o' wet, A' the old, raw old racket, racketty crew."

As I stood watching the pair—mother and child hopping and skipping across the great artery of the East End, my mind took a forward leap. It was not difficult to calculate what the end of that mother would be. But there was the child. What of her? She was being educated, for what?

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THOMAS KNIGHT.

(Continued.)

I knew these people did not believe in God or Christianity, or they would be afraid to live the mean, despicable caricature of a Christian life they were living, and I said, "There's nothing in it; Christ was a good man, and died thinking His death would do good for mankind, but it's a failure after all." And I do not wonder at people thinking the same.

I was about five years in India when a great trouble came upon me of so delicate a nature that I cannot bear to give it publicity.

In India I had lived a strictly moral life, and previous to that had not been bad from a moral standpoint; for I neither drank nor smoked. Still, in the eight of the world, my life was good. I attributed this to a very strong will, but under the weight and severity of a blow that seemed

To Rend my very Heartstrings,

this wonderful strong will crumbled and dissolved into nothing, my suffering was intense, and I could not rest, so I took a little brandy to induce sleep.

In a month I was drinking a bottle in twenty-four hours.

I tried to quit but found myself a slave.

I could not do without it. A friend who knew my condition prescribed a couple of months' leave and a run to Bombay, or the Hills, but I knew it was no use.

There are certain complaints that affect the heart that can be cured by one doctor only, and the doctor did not feel disposed to bother with me.

I resigned my situation, and engaged a passage on a sailing vessel for South Africa, where I arrived safe and got employment on the railway at once.

It was here I first saw the Army, and I shall never forget that meeting. When I went in I thought them the queerest lot of cretins outside of a lunatic asylum. But when I came out I remarked to a friend, "If there's anything in Christianity those people have it."

Peterborough.—Band concert—wet night, boys in full force, good crowd. Great variety of songs, solos, readings, recitations, choruses, etc.

Edmonton.—Farewell orders. During past five months souls saved, backsliders reclaimed, professors received the blessing of a clean heart. Captain Isaacson, from Prince Albert, coming.

Newmarket and Aurora, Circus Corps.—"Who is Musical Simon?" was asked. Crowd in spite of rain. Hot prayer-meeting. Two souls. Seven times usual collection. Four war steeds on the march at Newmarket, with bells and jingles.

Victoria.—Two souls—one a returned sealer, the other a man of sixty-six years of age, who gave up his pipe. Testified every opportunity since, clear and bright. As the days grow shorter the audience increases with the return of the sealers.



A TYPICAL DENIZEN OF DARKEST ENGLAND.

time however, my appearance was too—too different. I was at home there. My coat determined my character, and between me and others there was no discord. The waiters treated me like a gent when I laid two shillings on the table for a five-penny order, and then she threw ("chucked" is the proper word) down the change, the effect was tremendous upon a woman, at the opposite table, who, with a little girl, were hard at work upon a steak (or stiff) pudding.

"Stand us an oil-pie, guv'nor," she said, in a manner neither squeamish nor disagreeable, as she left her seat and squatted down by my side, giving at the same time a knowing wink to her "deucky," and another at the one-and-seven-pence change.

"I don't mind!" I gasped, by way of an experiment.

But didn't I pay for it in having to listen to a torrent of Whitechapel eloquence!

"D'y'e like ee-els, old feller?" she began.

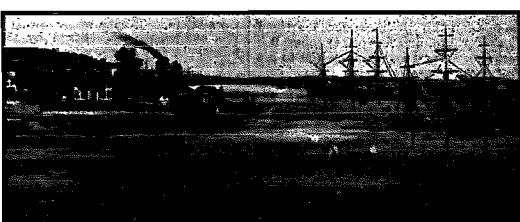
"I prefer tripe."

"D'e ye yer? I don't. My man does. Not a bad nest, yer known. Just been ter

nest him. He'll have to keep me and the kids."

This was enough. I rose to go. My clothes, my readers will at once perceive, had brought me into very questionable company.

"Ain't you goin' to stand us an ale?" my companion said, smiling also, with the evident intention of following me.



HALIFAX DOCK YARD.

COSMOPOLITAN BULLETINS.

The Latest Up to Date from the Headquarters of the World.

101 Queen Victoria St., London, England—Self-denial week in Britain is fixed. October 20th, to Sunday, October 26th.

Prayer has been answered and the means used have been effective. The Chief, we are pleased to state, has made such progress that not only has the development of the sickness been stayed, but he has regained such strength as to resume work at the International Headquarters. We gratefully render thanks to God, and pray for continued manifestation of His all-strengthening power.

Commissioner Howard, the British Commissioner, conducted a splendid series of meetings Monday, 24th ult., in connection with the opening of the new Citadel at Stockport. It is beautifully situated, well finished, and will comfortably seat 200 people. Twenty souls for pardon, £20 off sins.

Colonel McKie proceeded to Berlin last Thursday to take up his new command.

Colonel Heilberg will do farewell meetings in Sweden before the great event in October.

The date of Commissioner Rahani's wedding is fixed for Thursday, October 18.

Only the Indians now remain in England out of the great force present at the Jubilee gatherings.

Sgt. Capt. Brouwer, Holland, is appointed to advance on Java.

Commissioner Booth-Cliffborn's health is far from satisfactory. Pray for him, comrades.

Staff-Capt. Eileen Douglas arrived at Liverpool, on Saturday, from New York, after a fearful tussle on the Atlantic.

Brigadier Povson is appointed to succeed Colonel Heilberg as Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs.

Major Frank Barratt (brother of our Toronto P. O.) is appointed to the charge of Elberon Division.

New York.—The Commander and Victory Brigade are on tour and having immense success. Talking to about 16,000 people, having noon meetings; crowded Willard Hall, visiting twenty-seven new Auxiliaries, over \$670 worth of trade,

and witnessing 137 at the pentitent-form during the trip.

Sgt. Capt. Winchell, of Chicago, reports 1,650 Orps sold at his corps last week.

The days of heroines are not all past; witness the scenes lately in Ottawa. The disgraceful proceedings were first occasioned by a bystander at the open-air knocking down an Alderman who had saluted the Captain. On due meeting were forbidden.

As a result: 1. The officers, including first the men-entire and the Captain, later also the Lieutenant and sixteen women-soldiers, were sent to the city jail to await trial. During the riot, the women-soldiers bravely held the flags. Three sturdy policemen literally fought with them for the previous colors, but though one woman was forced to the ground and trampled upon, the gallant ladies refused to give in, and the police at last retired, leaving them in possession of the victory and the flags.

The conflict was ended in victory for the yellow, red and blue, and processions and open-air are in full swing at Ottawa, Illinois.

Cape Town, South Africa.—

The Supreme Court has upheld the decision of the Wellington Magistrate respecting our Jubilee Band. The ladies have left Cape Town to undergo the remainder of their sentence. A hundred more comrades are ready to step into their places.

The Hon. Cecil Rhodes, Prime Minister of Cape Colony, has undertaken, through Sir Gordon and Lady Sprigg, to furnish our new Home, in Cape Town, for discharged prisoners. The cost will be over £100.

San Francisco.—Major and Mrs. Kiva have sailed by the a.s. Mariposa for Australia.

The Honolulu daily press give favorable notices of the Army's advent there. A barracks has been acquired in an excellent position. 800 people were present at the first open-air meeting.

Staff-Captain E. B. Cox, who has been spending a few months in very successful campaigning here, has said good-bye, and goes to other battlefields.

Headquarters on Monday afternoon, before leaving.

At the meeting Brigadier Holland voiced the sentiments of the Headquarters Staff when he asked Mrs. Booth to convey to the General an expression of loving fidelity.

On arriving at Montreal on Saturday, October 6th, the General was interviewed by a representative of the Daily Witness, to whose interrogations he replied:

"The work in Canada is much more important and satisfactory than it was when I was here eight years ago. We seem to have a stronger hold upon the public. There is greater sympathy with our work. At one time, indeed, there was centred on the work in Canada, alone, but now there is interest for our operations in other places."

"I liked the Canadians when I visited them eight years ago, and he still impresses me favorably. I see a fine country, but I am surprised at the scarcity of population. All you want here is people. The cities of the Old Country are gorged with men crying out for work, and the country wants workers. In Europe there are plenty of hardy peasants whose ambition is to own a farm. But simply to tell them that they had better come out here is not enough. When they get here they don't know what to do. What is wanted is assisted immigration with systematic aid for the settlers."

"Take a whole township at one time and populate it. Stand by the people financially and in every way, and when they become prosperous they can pay back everything. I may be an enthusiast, but I think that could be done. Combine science, benevolence and religion in the scheme. We combine religion with the actual deliverance of the people, and I know of no man, no matter what his opinion on religion or other matters, who, seeing the changes we have produced among the people, has not been gratified."

"I have been a fortnight in the country and have given forty set addresses, besides a number of addresses on impromptu occasions. So you see the people have got out a fair proportion of what is in me. I have to deliver

eight hundred addresses in eighty cities before March.

"My Social Schemes? Well, the trunk methods of the social scheme are now in operation, with the exception of the over-sea colony. That is blocked for two reasons. I have not settled upon its location. There are so many places, that I don't know which to choose. I have been watching Western Australia, but I will look over Canada once more. Another reason is that we are short of money."

The Electro, Quebec, on Saturday evening, printed a powerful editorial plea for the extension of the most crucial and hospitable reception possible to General Booth by Quebec's population, regardless of creed or nationality. Describing the personal appearance of the General on his arrival here, the same paper says: "He is a well-built man of close upon six feet in stature, wearing a long, grey beard. Gestures, sober and moderate; voice, fine and sympathetic. Of the most exquisite ability. In a word, a gentleman."

Captain Woollam arrived from Shropshire, England, 1st ult. "Parishion." The Captain is thoroughly recruited in health.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Christian Guardian, of October 10th, has the following editorial comment. The Italics are ours:

"GENERAL BOOTH IN CANADA.—The arrival of General Booth in Canada is an event of interest to all Christians, as well as to the people of the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army is certainly the most important religious movement of our day. In spite of some doubtful things in its methods and organization, it has commanded itself to all Christians by the zeal with which its agents have devoted themselves to the welfare of the poor and neglected classes. Not only has the Army been the instrument of rescuing and raising thousands of the slaves of sin, it has awakened greater interest in the work of saving the neglected classes in all the churches. Whether credit may be due to embryo-diate agents, there can be no question that the chief credit for the success of this movement must be ascribed to the organizing power of Mr. Booth, and the fervor and eloquence of his sainted wife. Those who are constantly denouncing the Christian Churches, for their neglect of the common people, should remember that this remarkable movement for the salvation of the masses was organized by a Methodist preacher, working on Methodist lines. Mr. Booth will be heartily welcomed to Canada, by all Christian people, as a man who has done good service for God and humanity."



- 2—Product as 'Red.'
- 3—Call to Arms.
- 4—With the General.
- 5—With the General.
- 6—A Night on the London Streets.
- 7—Our Tributary.
- 8—The World over.
- 9—Letters from Headquarters.
- 10—What the General Thinks.
- 11—Our Own Circle.
- 12—How They Die.
- 13—Our Dictionary.
- 14—The Western Province Salute the General.
- 15—The Little Brigade.
- 16—Cycles.
- Notes from Central Province.
- 17—The Queen's Canadian Representative.
- 18—The Living Present.
- 19—Honor Roll.
- 20—How the War Goes.
- 21—Our Missing Column.
- 22—Songs.

of the great Emperor's troops. That day the fate of Europe trembled in the balance. Who can tell what tremendous issues hung upon that day's work? How differently would the map of Europe, of the whole world—have been sketched had Bonaparte defeated the British troops! In that tremendous fight, every man was a hero, and the man who uttered the fateful words: 'At the beginning of this article well deserved the national benediction which has ever since been lavished upon his memory.'

Ruminating on the great event the picture had so vividly portrayed, we could not but compare that thundering day with our present position as an Army of Salvation in our great Dominion. Our troops have sustained attack after attack. It is well known that at the very heart of our position—on Hougoumont—the fight has raged the fiercest; but though at terrible cost, a thin, red line of Salvationists has ever been found grouped around the blood-and-fire flag that represents the great principles for which we fight. And now has come the propitious moment! Our Wellington is on the field—at the head—no less a General than that other great commander. Around him assemble the great and mighty, but his sympathies are with his rank and file, and if we rightly gauge the weight and worth of his electric sentences as he passes with burning enthusiasm and heaven-born desperation along our ranks, it is the echo of that very same command which caused Britain's brave hearts to tighten grasp the sword, and though, maybe, with blanched countenances, advance! Yes, let that cry ring loudly o'er our Canadian battlefield, and may it nerve every true heart as never before, and may the cold steel of our desperate endeavor go to the heart of the naked lust and pride and drink and sin that frowns upon our gallant band. Eternal issues are at stake. Now for one great, grand, organized, desperate attack on sin, drink, the devil, and hell. Comrades, give heed! The cry rings in your ears from God, your General, and the host triumphant above—"THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE! THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE!"

NEWS NOTES

—AT—

HEADQUARTERS.

***** WELCOME HOME! *****

THE COMMANDANT

WILL MEET THE

TORONTO SALVATIONISTS

FOR A HAPPY HOME-COMING GATHERING ON MONDAY, OCTOBER 22ND,

IN THE

JUBILEE HALL, ALBERT ST.

Mrs. Commandant Booth and Brigadier Holland left Toronto for Ottawa on Monday night, where they join the General.

Twenty officers have recently arrived at Sydney. They are from Newfoundland, and a Jubilee gift to Canada.

The mission ship, *William Booth*, arrived safely at Toronto, and left on October 9th to meet the General and convey him to his appointments where possible.

The Naval Brigade Band is accompanying the General to most of the places he visits in East Ontario.

A month of successful revival meetings are being conducted at the Toronto City Temple. On Sunday ten persons sought pardon. The collection amounted to \$21. The Provincial Officer and troops were present.

Mrs. Booth held a good-bye meeting at

RECONCILIATION WEEK,

1894.



TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

OUR PROPITIOUS MOMENT

"THE WHOLE LINE WILL ADVANCE."

—Lord Wellington, at seven o'clock, after the repulse of the Old Guard, stood up in his stirrups, and taking his hat off cried, "The whole line will advance."

Such are the words printed under one of the most spirited military pictures it has been our lot to behold. The scene depicted is the world-thrilling battlefield of Waterloo. Attended by a few mounted officers, and huzzed by the worn, yet enthusiastic soldiers who press forward at his bidding, is seen the figure of the Iron Duke. His fine, strong features are rendered more keenly forcible by the soul-thrilling excitement of the hour. What stern, high, unflinching resolution; yes, desperation, is thrown into that powerful physiognomy, as standing up in his stirrups, he issues the electric command that sets in motion the long line of doggedly obstinate red coats, who for hours

"As firm rock or castle roof,
Against the wintry shower is proof,"

have withstood the most brilliant charges

It appears necessary to give a note of explanation to our Provincial and District officers, and also to our correspondents in the field generally, as to the apparently excessive condensing of their copy sent us. In respect to this matter we now act on the rule, "Necessity knows no choice," and are doing only what we are compelled to do.

WHAT ABOUT THE NEW BIBLE
with S. A. PEALIN?

WHAT THE GENERAL THINKS

A Chat on the Cars.

The General sat back in the car, looking somewhat pale and weary. He had just completed his ninth meeting since his entry into St. John, and was now on his way to resume the campaign at Fredericton. Now, as men have hearts, but perhaps they cannot be allowed the consciousness of enterprise, so your correspondent Canadian was respectfully took a seat alongside the Army leader and ventured to remark:

"You have been ten days on Canadian soil, sir; and for the information of our WAR CRY readers I would like to know your opinion of the tour thus far."

The General smiled at the careful omission of any word like "interview," and his looks said, "Oh, I know what you are at, my good fellow."

Still, his kindly feeling for the "profession" would not allow him to frustrate this artful design, and good-naturedly replied:

"I am more sanguine than before I landed that we are going to have an interesting and successful tour. Everything seems to point to that. Some of the places we have visited have been of minor importance, it is true, but I have been pleased and encouraged with the whole thing, and if we haven't had the dense crowds we expect in the larger cities, we must have had the whole population of the places and the country round."

"And how does the country itself impress you, General?"

"Well, the portions of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick that I have travelled over have struck me very favorably. I cannot for the life of me understand why they have not four or five times the number of people. Although they say the population is on the increase, it must be at a very slow rate. Everybody seems to be very comfortably off—plenty to eat, drink and wear—and there is no reason why they should want for any good thing. This large territory must certainly be destined, at no far off date, to carry ten times the population that is at present sustained."

"And what do you think of the people themselves?"

"Well, I must confess that in my meetings they seem rather distant and cold; but they tell me that it is only in appearance. The moment at the restraint which reigns in our gatherings seems to impose upon them is withdrawn, they unbend and are as friendly as can be desired."

"Perhaps a more interesting question still, General, will be: How do the Salvationists compare with those of the Old Country?"

"Comparisons are nearly always odious, but if you must know, they strike me as being quite up to the average, indeed, more interesting and enthusiastic than some. I feel quite sure that there is in them the making of a very powerful force for the winning of Canada to God, and leading a hand for the salvation of the world."

"I understand, sir, that you have inspected the Social and Rescue Work."

"Only a very little of it—two Rescue Homes and a Food and Shelter. These appear to be managed on right principles, and give promise of great usefulness. From what I have heard of the work in other parts of the Dominion I should think there is a future of much blessing and benefit to the unfortunate and helpless before this branch of our operations."

"From a computation I have been making, General, during the last week you have given seventeen separate addresses, travelled forty-three hours during the day time, and held conversations with any number of people. In the face of such strenuous efforts, may I ask you how your strength holds out?"

"Well, I am at my, from my experience with these people, they are a little curious to know all about us." (This with a smile.)

"Naturally, General!"

"As to my health, I am very hopeful about it. The camp-troika which is set before me, I am told, includes nearly 600 meetings, besides the extras that are sure to be thrown in, but if my strength is sustained as it has been this last week, I hope, by the blessing of God, to go through, and to have a little degree of vigor left for Old England on my return."

To which we all say "Amen and amen."

THROUGH AN IRON PIPE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST AND FOUND IN LONDON."

[We reproduce a couple of chapters from a serial story running through the "Social Gazette."]

"The military rule is the best. In the great army of commerce we are as generals and captains. We must, therefore, hold together, being careful not to go too far. I quite agree with the principle of applying the iron rod to such brats as some of socialists. Still, let us be careful not to damage our own cause by excess—tempted as we often must be to do so."

And so three merchant shoemakers of Frankfurt ended a discussion.

Some serious changes have occurred in the fortunes of the Steffen family. They can be summarized in brief:

Fritz Steffen succeeded in procuring work in Frankfurt, but the man Schmidt, to whom we have already vaguely alluded, exerted a baneful influence upon him, got him to frequent the cafe often than his means would allow, and what is infinitely worse, attached him to a conspiracy for raising an agitation in favor of his advanced political notions. The upshot of this alliance was that poor, ignorant Fritz Steffen found himself committed to prison for twelve months for aiding and abetting the purposes of some unlawful assembly. This calamity fell heavily, of course, upon his lonely wife and family in Worms. There was no alternative for them but enter the shoebox and hope for the best on the broad-winner regarding his liberty.

The dimness of this hope was transposed the day Fritz Steffen saw his wife. He was a changed,

A Doomed Man.

His imprisonment had struck a vital blow in one of those weak joints in the human armor that occasionally lie hidden even in the most stalwart men, until pain, privation, or other physical adversity discovers it. Consumption worked speedy death with him. Fritz Steffen died branded as a pauper, a criminal, and an outcast.

Young Steffen was permitted by the uncle to attend the funeral, and for the first time was introduced to the story of his father's strange, querulous, and short career. It produced no impression, however, that could for remark. He was only "the boy about the farm." His uncle, while seeing it is true to his elementary education, had no pride in ambition in the boy. In fact, from the time it became known that the boy's father was a socialist and a criminal, he was studiously ashamed and treated worse than the animals with which he herded. His life was simply that of the

Proverbial "Boy Drudge,"

and when his uncle determined to get rid of him and fix him up with a somewhat friend of his in Frankfurt, no respects were manifested. The only sorrow the lad experienced was in taking a hot bath, as he descended the highway of "Bismarck." "Bismarck" had been his most faithful friend, protected him from many a blow, and, with an instinct that put to shame the blood-relation of his master, made the boy, other than his master, his choice. Between young Steffen and the dog there had grown up a strong attachment, and as the fine brute watched him, with bundle on his back, go through the gate and make for the roadway, "Bismarck" howled and bawled. The lad tried to smile and say, "Good dog, good Bismarck, good-bye." But the words choked sometime. He cried. It was not often that the boy did so. Had he been discovered crying it would probably have meant a thrashing. But on this occasion he made no attempt to hide his tears, and as he turned his back upon the farm, still hearing the howling of his faithful companion, his mind wandered to the day of his father's funeral. The two losses, unavowed, joined together in his imagination. The loss of a father, and the loss of a dog did not lie far apart in the life of this German orphan.

Where was he now going? He knew not. But a dread, as a shadow, rose up before him that there would be no "Bismarck" to cheer his future. Without home, parents, or friends, young Steffen plunged into the great unknown.

Breakfast had just been cleared. The

shop of Francis Meissel, wholesale and retail boot and shoemakers, was open for the public. Moreover, it was market day—the day of the week of all others when windows, counters, shelves, etc., were displayed to most advantage. It was Will Steffen's duty to see that the doors were opened to a certain minute, and that no tiny article was out of place. Unfortunately, as too often occurred, we are bound to admit, he was not distinguished on this occasion by either punctuality or care. When Herr Meissel entered the shop, therefore, and found, to his disgust, signs of disorder, he expressed himself in the way which our readers will anticipate, namely, according to the policy he laid down in the "leather corner" of the cafe on the "boys' question."

Taking young Steffen by the ears he yelled, "You have begun very early with your excesses this morning, you brat—you are a national plague—you—you—" Then followed the customary mark of "discipline."

"Oh, sir, do let me alone! It was not my fault this time. The foreman sent me for beer, and I had to—"

"What? What? What?" cried the master. "Lies as well! We are coming to a fine point of the bargain when boys first neglect their work and tell falsehoods to cover it! I shall have to deal with the disease. The remedy is painful; but then, as Herr Bomm wisely says, 'Medicine is always distasteful.' How do you like that?" and with a fiendish cooless Herr Meissel dealt the lad a cowardly slap on the head.

Steffen, as the master himself pointed out in the cafe talk described in the previous chapter, was not quite a boy, nor was he yet a man. He was approaching his seventeenth birthday. Only a year's difference stood between him and another who was earning fourteen marks per week. The naming in justice of this fact, together with the cruelty of his lot, kindled a fire of hatred in his breast, unknown to his master. That fire was fed by books he had learned to read, and companionship he had found at the ordinary Sunday afternoon beer-garden concerts.

Consequently, when, on the morning referred to, his master's behavior was unusually rough, the fire broke forth with a fury that entirely took master and man of their guard.

Seizing a boot-last from a shelf behind him, the young desperado rose to his height, and in less time than it takes to tell to describe the act, he struck his master a blow on the forehead. A scream from the female cashier brought the hands from the back room on the ground floor to the scene of commotion. For a moment attention was absorbed in the master's condition. He had fallen upon the customer's seat, and blood was oozing freely from a serious wound in his forehead. The gravity of the situation, however, was scarcely realized by the expert, who smilingly professed to resume his duties in the shop.

"Kick 'em out of the premises!" cried the master.

"No, sir; we shall call the police. The ruffian must be locked up."

"No—no. Prison will soon loose its terror to a born criminal. Kick him, I tell you—kick him out of the shop. I never want to see the rascal again!"

No more persuasion was required. In an instant two hands were upon him, and with a volley of oaths and the execution of the commandment to the very letter, young Steffen was thrown into the street.

(To be continued.)

Ottawa—Harvest Festival a success, financially and spiritually. Every corps has gone over its target, Ottawa leading the way at \$120; Pembroke, \$51; Renfrew, \$60. Our target for the District was \$140, instead of that we raised \$220. God has given us many able men, Captain Currie, one alone at Pembroke, and his wife just taken charge, has made it harder, but in spite of all the odds, good crowds, and two soloists, made a success.

Captain Burrows had doubled his target and went in \$5 from Renfrew, a corps of only ten soldiers. In two weeks something like twelve professes conversion. At Ottawa, the District Headquarters, the H. F. went off grandly. Cabbage Mike, from Peterboro, took the place by storm. Ensign Cowan and Staff-Captain Sharp dropped in.—Ensign T. COONIES.

From our Foreign Correspondent: Simon, Oct. 12th; New York, Oct. 13th; Montreal, Oct. 17th; Bradford, Oct. 18th; 19th; Paris, Oct. 20th, 21st; Rockwood, Oct. 22nd; Drumbrook, Oct. 23rd; Ayr, Oct. 24th; Dundas, Oct. 25th; Peterboro, Oct. 26th; 27th, 28th; and 29th; Georgetown, Oct. 30th; Ayr, Oct. 31st; Georgetown, Nov. 1st; Brampton, Nov. 2nd; Toronto, Nov. 3rd.

OUR OWN CIRCLE.

If our private request to the F. O.'s had brought forth only Capt. Allan's remarkable story it would have been well worth the postage expended, but we anticipate receiving many thrilling stories, which will be read with intense interest and furnish good war material for our platform warriors.

Answer our letter to the F. O.'s we received the following, to answer which will probably fit many another enquirer's queries:

NEW GLASGOW.

Should be happy to "jine" your column. What is the entrance fee? Have they to be gathered, selected, or home made, or original, or what?

J. WATSON.

1. Entrance fee, nil; only essential being desire to glorify God.

2. They may have any of the qualifications mentioned, but the preference is given to S.A. stories pure and simple.

3. AUTHOR. MANY A MILE OF ROLLING WAVE—We have received a contribution from that talented writer, "H. E. C." accompanied by the following fiery epistle:

"REPERANCE COTTAGE," PHX.

Years of June 5th gladly received. Your cosmopolitan Army is followed and studied by me—in my quiet way, though. The divine H. C. is with you, the divine I. is with you, in you; the divine W. is with you, in you; the divine S. is with you, in you; the divine G. is with you, in you; the divine P. is with you, in you; the divine L. is with you, in you; the divine F. is with you, in you; the divine B. is with you, in you; the divine T. is with you, in you; the divine E. is with you, in you; the divine C. is with you, in you; the divine H. is with you, in you; the divine J. is with you, in you; the divine R. is with you, in you; the divine M. is with you, in you; the divine N. is with you, in you; the divine O. is with you, in you; the divine Q. is with you, in you; the divine S. is with you, in you; the divine U. is with you, in you; the divine V. is with you, in you; the divine X. is with you, in you; the divine Y. is with you, in you; the divine Z. is with you, in you; the divine A. is with you, in you; the divine B. is with you, in you; the divine C. is with you, in you; the divine D. is with you, in you; the divine E. is with you, in you; 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HOW THEY DIE.

"Leave here their time is full,
And leaves it with us the north wind's breath,
And starts to set; but, ah!
Then hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!"



"We are sending a photo of Sister Long for 'C.W.'. Would rather have sent one with Army dress, as she were regulation to 'C.W.', but she has had no portrait since she was saved." — C. H. MITCHELL.

"Farewell, Vain World, Thou Hast no Charms for Me."

UXBRIDGE.—After a short, but severe, illness, Sister Mrs. Long closed her eyes to the fading thing of time, to behold her Saviour and God in the spirit world, where she shall be just like Him for she sees Him as He is.

Oh, blessed thought, that the pure in heart shall see God, for according to her testimony and life her heart was pure. She was a real, loyal, humble and devoted soldier and wife, ever delighting herself in the laws of her God. The funeral was very largely attended. An impressive service was held in the barracks. We marched to the cemetery singing,

"Over the bright golden shore."

We found half-a-dozen waiting service at the grave yard. During this service many were bathed in tears, while the saints rejoiced that they were ready. Many ungodly ones felt the need of a Saviour to enable them to live such a life that when the death-angel should knock at their chamber they also should heed the Master's say, "Well done."

Soldiers and comrades rendered their consecration to God for service.

Memorial service. Great crowd. Testimonies were given as to the devotion of Sister Long. Her husband whom God had wonderfully upheld, testifies to her honesty of heart before God, herself and all around her, that she had not the ungodly to come to Christ.

"We precious souls knelt at the cross and cried for pardon. Will our comrades kindly pray for the bereaved ones." —Ensign MITCHELL.

Off to Glory by Water from the Banks of Newfoundland.

RUN DOWN IN A FOG BY THE "MAJESTIC."

BURN, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Our ranks have again been broken. Our dear comrade, GABRIEL MITCHELL, who some time ago enlisted to fight for God under the dear old Army flag, has gone where there shall be

No More Sin.

While fishing on the banks, in a dense fog, the a. e. "Majestic" came crashing into his schooner, and our beloved comrade, with another man, was drowned.

Only a short struggle, and his spirit went to God. His testimony was, "Thank God, I'm not afraid to die."

Although we did not have the privilege of giving him an Army funeral, nevertheless, we held a very impressive memorial service. Many were in tears. God spoke to convicted hearts. "Oh, death, were in thy sting?"

Still on we go to lead others to our Christ. Our motto, "We'll fight until we die."

Sinner, God calls to you. Heed His voice. Get ready to meet Him.

SGT.—MAJOR BUGDEN.

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN.

BELLEVILLE.—On September 20th death visited our ranks. ROBERT HEASLER, who

was an Army convert, suffered intensely and long with that awful disease, consumption. During his sickness he was visited frequently by officers and soldiers. When asked if it was well within, he would readily answer, "Yes." He died peacefully.

The funeral service was conducted by Ensign Wiseman, at the house and grave. Two of the soldiers were called on to speak. Throughout, it was a deeply effective service. The memorial service was conducted by Ensign Wiseman on Sunday evening. Solo songs were sung, testimonies were given. The lesson was read from Rev. 21st. Nearly two hundred were present. Many hearts were touched, and at the conclusion three of the members came forward seeking forgiveness of sins, another, another, and another. The brother was a bad-lister, but through the death of our comrade he was led to give himself anew to Jesus. Testimonies followed after the prayer meeting. The mother of the comrade spoke very touchingly. Also a member of the bereaved ones. May the whole family be led to Christ through the loss of the departed ones.

"Frailty loves the sufferings,
Free fully die in the death;
Frailty reigning with Jesus,
Looking down upon earth."

A. K. S. C.

ODessa.—Death has again visited our midst and taken away one of our dear comrades, SISTER MRS. HOWARD.

After some four months' illness she passed away to be with Jesus. While visiting her and asked if all was right she answered, "Yes; when the chariot lowers I'll step in, bless Him."

When she grew weaker, and her voice could hardly be heard, she would smile a heavenly smile. Many were blessed while visiting her. I myself among the number, for you could see that the humble, gentle spirit of Jesus was there.

On August 31st she passed away to be with Jesus. The funeral was conducted by Ensign McGillivray, from Kingston. Many were led to see their need of preparing to meet God.

At the memorial service, Sunday night, one sister sought and found Jesus.

LUCY. MILTON.

Fort William.—Fest came off without a hitch. Knee drill followed. Great blessing.

Fort William.—Officers farewelled. Audience moved. Two volunteers. Grand banquet. Fort Arthur comrades present.

Cheshunt.—Capt. Davis is away on a well earned rest. Before going he succeeded, with the help of his soldiers, in going two dollars over his target.

Cheshunt.—Twelve souls and six for a clean heart. Exciting times Harvest Festival week. Great quantities of fruit, etc., but difficult to sell as the harvest is so abundant. Fine pig donated.

Quebec.—This is the second strongest fortified city in the world, where British soldiers are stationed, who are trained every day in the latest tactics of war.

This strong, warlike city was invaded some years ago by a detachment of the Salvation Army, who were bold enough to raise the standard for Jesus. One after another is being taken prisoners for our King.

Difficulties there are many; darkness and superstition prevail; temptation and discouragement enough to dampen the courage of any human being, but men and women are being saved. Both French and English come publicly out in the meetings and seek salvation by faith. One woman ventured out on Sunday night who had been bitterly opposed to Christianity, and had told her husband she would never get saved; but God took hold of her.

I had the pleasant task of enrolling three recruits, and other two had been enrolled some weeks before. Iさせ the congregation on Sunday night to give or promise nine officers for Lieutenant Brade's travelling from Toronto so that she could be sent on right away to help them along, and in a few minutes' time I got the desired amount.

Arrangements are being made to fix the brackets so that it will be warmer for winter. The cost, as far as we can learn, will be about fifty dollars. The comrades have volunteered to give ten dollars each, and the other thirty the officers are quite sure of.

We have also got two candidates in the corps.

The spirit of earnestness has taken hold of the soldiers; unity and love prevail. The officers, Ensign Mrs. Mitchell and Captain Hallman, are praying that they may have the privilege of staying all winter at Quebec.

Friends of the Army are true as steel, warm-hearted, liberal with their money, on hand to help at any time. God bless and prosper them!

Candidate Parsons feels it his duty to support the officers all he can since he got saved. Every cent he can spare goes to help the work along. May God raise up many more like him! —Staff-Capt. SHARP.



CONSCIENCE.—The moral sense; a combination somewhere of which common sense is one of the compounds; that within a man which says "That's bad or that's good"; knowledge. It may not deceive us, and can only be followed where it agrees with the word of God, showing that it is a sense needing training, like all our other senses.

CONSECRATION.—I hand myself over to God, all I have and all I hope for.

I consecrate myself. I live here forth as God's steward over my possessions, talents, etc., to use them to the best advantage for His kingdom. That is living sacrifice, or consecration. Note, I say "my possessions, talents, etc., only to distinguish them from other people's, as hired servants; say my horses to distinguish them apart. We are not our own, and yet we are, in a sense.

COMMUNION.—Talking together; intercourse. They say to commune with great men, you will be great; with bad men, you will be bad; with good, you will be good. Commune with God, and you will surely partake of His attributes.

COMPASSION.—A mixed passion, composed of love and sorrow. —WEBSTER.

CONCEIT.—An over estimate of one's worth or abilities.

CONCENTRATE.—To bring everything to a common centre, as your thoughts for instance, in a prayer meeting.

CONFESSING.—Acknowledging. If we acknowledge God in all our ways, He will direct our path. Dress, conversation, manner, working, recreating, reading, and writing are some of the "all our ways." —PROV. iii. 6.

CYMBALS.—Two brass plates, which are struck together, making much louder and less musical sound than a drum, used in worship. —11 SAM. vi. 5; 1 CHR. xv. 16; xvi. 5, etc.

CUSTOM.—A frequent repetition of the same set; established manner. It is said, "The old are slaves to custom, the young to novelty or change." If the change is for the better, by all means break custom; get out of rut. Who is going to ride a slow coach if he can get the train, just because the past generations did so.

CUSTOMS.—The duties imposed by law upon goods imported or exported. Can a man break the laws of his country and please God? Not when the laws are just. If he would condemn it in the large, he must not, as a Christian, allow the small piffling (smuggling).

The Western Province Salutes the General.

MAJOR READ.

"Home again at Winnipeg." Since the 9th of July, we have together travelled thousands of miles.

Ensign Rawling and Capt. Shea have kept things in proper trim.

That welcome home at Ensign Rawling's cosy little home was much enjoyed. These little gatherings bind our hearts together.

What shall I say about the "welcome home," "soldiers and converts" meeting? Those Winnipeg comrades know how to take hold still. The three at the Cross cheered our hearts.

The Harvest Festival has been a success. Many crops have gone away over last year's and over-shot their target. Morden has gone over their target of \$300.

Ensign Mrs. Rawling has been a good help to the war in Winnipeg. Ensign Lowry has bravely pushed ahead. Little Clayton Rawling is growing up to be a big, fat boy.

Now for a few rough notes of the tour we have finished. Moosomin will yet rise. Seventeen dollars for the H. F. is a good sign that it is coming up. CALGARY city

contains a good crowd of Salvationists, who work well. They are after a lot of land for barracks.

Then the "Rockies"! B.C. falls in the description. VANCOUVER corps is making rapid strides. The soldiers are loyal and true. VICTORIA corps is called the "Rockies." VICTORIA corps is called the "crack" corps. Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald have the leadership of a small band. NEW WINDHAMERS is a lively club on a hill.

NANAIMO comrades possess a good band, and have endless chances to go in and out. BRUNSWICK possesses a staunch little nucleus. FRASER is a fine spot. The North-West Mounted Police have a garrison here. They love the Salvation Army, and one of them is a good enrolled soldier. VANCOUVER corps is in the Kootenay Valley, is not within the Army. Never shall we forget the devotion of the soldiers and their brave officers. CLAYTON, too, contains some beautiful work. Though shut away from many privileges which city soldiers enjoy.

Business failures are prevalent. Many are seeking employment, yet the old S. A. sits tight on, though suffering a bad financial crisis with this general depression.

Capt. Corlett (promoted) will be Nanaimo's future commander. Capt. Thomas (promoted) now assists Adjutant and Mrs. Archibald at Victoria. Our old friend, Sergt. Major Tom New, is still true. We met Brother Morris at Vancouver. He used to belong to the Toronto Terpsie corps. Candidates are becoming.

A live steer was given for the Calgary Harvest Festival, besides ducks and chickens. Ensign Rawling took the Winnipeg herd band to Selkirk for H. F.

Calgary corps is in for buying a central piece of land.

Capt. Miller takes charge of Vancouver, and Capt. MacLean goes to Port Arthur. Three young men at V.-M.-C. are applied for the S. A. Work in one day.

THE WESTERN PROVINCE SALUTES THE GENERAL.

Passed by the Provincial Headquarters as attested by the sign-board which daily contains a different scriptural motto or maxim.

Cariberry comrades are going in for a new barracks.

Rapid City corps has bought a good lot of land in a central position.

Six dollars worth of grain was donated for the H. F. at Morden.

The Vancouver church people are taking hold of the proposed Shuter Scheme. Victoria is a great place for open-air work. Nasimino brass band is still going ahead. Lieutenant Orr is resting at Cariberry.

Capt. to M. Davidson and Hurst have gone to the field, being promoted to Lieutenants; the former to New Westminster, the latter to Moseomina.

Now for Self Denial week. We shall, I daresay, top all past records.

Broadwater Station is away from the city, and Johnny Hawk takes his place.

Trade sergeants are about to be appointed in the different corps throughout the Province.

Say, field officers, what about that rise in the WAR CRY order? Go at it with a will, and you will accomplish it.

Say, soldiers, do you belong to the Clothing Club at Toronto? If not, begin to send your quarter.

To the Light Brigade Local Officers of East Ontario.

No doubt you find some difficulty in keeping your box-holders properly interested. This must be done if the Grace before-Meal scheme would continue to be a success.

In earnest about the matter, you must have the blessing of a clean heart, you must be baptized with Holy Ghost fire, your eyes must be open to see the perishing millions around you, your ears must be attentive to the agonizing cries of your fallen sisters and brothers, your heart must be full of compassion for the lost. You will then see in the G. M. box means of liberty to those poor captives. The love of Jesus will constrain you to get out many boxes as you can every week. The people will not only contribute and help you. They will listen to your explanations. They will understand your motives. They will be moved by your heart-felt appeals. They will be led to God through your practical example, and you will be a great blessing to the community.

Living and talking with God you will find the importance of being up to time in your distribution, prompt in your collection, business-like in your dealings and faithful in your returns. Do not grow weary in your doing, endure hardness as good soldiers. You should not feel that you are beggars, you are simply God's agents, collecting God's revenue accounts of long standing which should have been paid into His treasury long ago. For my part I consider it an honor to collect pennies for Jesus.

Adjutant MacLean.



"Through the Jungle, Among the Green Foliage."

CEYLON.

(Continued.)

Remember this that "water once passed through the wills can never grind again."

So runs the last lines of an American poem I heard once.

They came back to me with an altogether new meaning as I watched the little river in the valley beneath.

Away beyond the factory with its noisy wheel it passes through the jungle like the silver thread amongst the green foliage, striking the mill-wheel, sends it round with a dull, heavy clank, leaving the wheel blinding white, spreading itself over the stems shiny, and glistening in the sunlight, and渺 into a deep channel it drops over a small fall into a natural basin, and is lost in the swamp, lost in that ugly marsh.

Home of a Thousand Frogs,

and the hundred and one slimy crawl

ing things to be found in a tropical swamp.

C. O. P. NOTES.

The Musical Troops have completed another tour, blessed to the salvation of souls. Financially, it has done well. The impetus that has been given to our work in many places will prove of lasting benefit.

For kindness and hospitality, Canada breaks the record; the attention and love shown has been very marked, and hundreds of friends have been made.

Our Brigadier has been present at many of the meetings, and by concertina, violin and singing, helped us all possible. Every member, from our colored comrade to little Annie, has worked like trojans.

The event of the month is the visit of our beloved General to Lindsay on the 17th of this month. We are hoping hundreds of our people and friends will drive into Lindsay for that night meeting.

Our General will arrive at the depot at 8 p.m. We hope that every church bell will peal out a chime of welcome. Farmers for miles around will drive in to give our devoted leader a just welcome. God bless our leader! He is the grandest and best loved man in the world to day.

Major Dowell is in the building line and is busy re-building his barracks at BRACEBRIDGE. Unfortunately, the whole structure came down in the operation. Our friends at Bracebridge will help him out, and he will get there all right. Endicott Bay and McAmmond are farreelling.

We are glad to welcome our dear comrade, Major Compilo, from his wedding trip. We hear that he went and joined them at Dundas for the night meeting, and they would like him to repeat the visit. Our comrades at

My beautiful little silvery stream is lost in its stupid ugliness, I thought it was swallowed up and gone, but at the other end of the valley it comes out, slowly at first, but gathering speed as it rushes towards a fall and dropping over, it seems to laugh for glee, as it plunges over the stones underneath the trees.

Narrowing again as it strikes another wheel, it sends it round with the same dull, monotonous clank, then off it runs, skipping a hill.

I leave sight of it, but from the hill-top I can see the roof of still another factory, and for sight I know, there might be a dozen before it reaches the ocean beyond, and is lost forever and forever.

My poetical friend, the engineer, has completely exploded your beautiful idea. Just, as the Salvation of God

Upsets All the Wishes

who would try to keep a man at a respectable distance just because he was down in the slough wallowing in the mire of sin as vile, the image of God; yet distorted, defaced beyond recognition by debauchery and wickedness, so that little stream had still power in it even if it was lost in the swamp for a

time, to come out again and send the old mill wheel round.

Will God not breathe on the dry bones again? Will the prodigals not become gems in His crown?

But of the things that the world with all its wisdom despises the Lord builds up His Kingdom.

The prodigal son, like the little stream, had been useful, but he fell to the level of swine-herd, vile, polluted and

Smelling of the Company

he kept; but he was his father's son, nevertheless, and made a little lower than the angels.

He was rejoicing, music and dancing at his return to his father's home and a life of usefulness. Ah! he went on to turn another mill wheel. I like to look on that little stream. It has taught me so many things, but it has a dark side as well as a bright side. So, metaphorically speaking, I send it across to Canada to the "Great Divide" in the Rockies, and let it run east and west, down into British Columbia, across the Prairies till it reaches the "miserable, misty Atlantic," and let you look on it as I have done, and let it teach you the lesson that God would have you learn from it. —DEVA SINGHA.

Brownsville are anxious for another visit also. God bless the Major!

Sick and wounded collections are taken up the first Sunday afternoons in every month.

Captain Sims has done nobly for Harvest Festival at Aurora and Newmarket. His wife is here, "Belly," kept up bravely. He left his target far behind.

Will every officer be save and mention the coming sale of work from the platform, and ask all our friends to do something, for that effort. Every officer can do something, and many a friend will be glad to help the corps by working or making something that will sell. All hands will be needed to make a success. Mrs. de Barratt, with Ensign Turner to help, share the arrangements in hand.

Souls, souls, souls, must be the cry of every meeting. I always notice that folks who go for souls get them. Let us go for them all the time.

Mr. Oliver, of Newmarket, is a true friend of the Army. I spent a very happy time with him.

We require more love for God, for each other, and previous souls. Some folks I meet appear to be in a bad way in this direction, and need a baptism of love. Thank God, they can get it. Some looks, unkind words, no evidence of no unkind heart, and the attitude, or specific, is a heart clean and pure and filled with love. Our General recommends the reading of I Cor. xiii., and we heartily say amen.

We had a real tug-of-war at Tyre, and, thank God, we hauled on the top with souls in the fountain.

Mrs. de Barratt has been on a fortnight's tour, and reports seasons of blessing. Her returning strength is an unspeakable joy to us. She has the faculty of leaving great blessings behind her. More than ever we need work that has root and stay about us.

We have therefore arranged a series of revival services in the city during the next few months, to start at the Temple.

The Press have helped us quite a deal.

Jubilee Band, Niagara.—We've got a move on. The on coming of our house-to-home visitation and War Cry selling, with the additional epistles, has been a greater crowd in the inside meetings and a general mellowing of the people.

Saturday, noon, we went to the market and had a real desperate time, and finished up with a good collection of vegetables. At night, although the clouds threatened, we had an unusual time, the people giving liberally. Sunday, we raised the neighborhood; the sleeping and sleepy came to their bed-room windows to see. Sunday afternoon, open-air outside the Clifton hotel and opposite the Falls. Mrs. de Barratt led. Red-hot shell poured into the enemy's camp. The people threw nearly \$4 on the drum. The second meeting, good, and \$1 in nickels taken up.

At night, the largest march and open-air held for some time, with a most powerful meeting. Mrs. de Barratt led faithfully, and one soul—backslidder—was at the form.

Capt. Hardman has farewelled for a much-needed furlough.

On Monday Mrs. de Barratt told us about South America. One thing we learned was to pray sincerely for our comrades fighting abroad, especially pioneering a country.

On Tuesday, a soldier hardly took us to Navy Island, away beyond Chippawa, five or six miles from Niagara Falls, where we walked. On the Island, in addition to doing justice to the various kinds of fruit to be seen, we practiced and held occasional prayer meetings, gathering together every living soul.

At Chippawa, on our way back to the Falls, we sold our Caxas, played a few selections, and pitched in generally.

Within sight of the mighty water fall we accosted baker's van, and asked him to buy a Caxo, which he did, giving us twenty-five cents for the same.

Meeting at night we all did a general fare-well.—E.K.A.

Work Wanted.—Will any employers of labor give employment to some steady, industrious joiners, machinists, apply to Brigadier de Barratt at 600, corner of Lippincott and Ulster streets.

THEIR EXCELLENCIES

Lord and Lady Aberdeen

(The Queen's Canadian Representatives)

Loyally Welcomed by Loyal S. A. Forces Throughout the Western Province by an Address of Welcome, to which His Excellency Replies in a most fitting and enthusiastic manner, on the steps of Winnipeg's City Hall.

BY J. R.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen are certainly true friends to God's great S. A., and admirers of its organization, principles, and doctrines. We had read of the practical assistance rendered by His Excellency, and of his sound words when speaking at one of the General's meetings in Scotland, previous to his coming to Canada. Long ago we had become acquainted with His Excellency's devotion to all kinds of good work, and no wonder that S. A. folk living in Winnipeg were only too eager to welcome them in the Prairie City. On the night of their arrival, a good crowd of happy, uniformed Salvationists, headed by the Winnipeg S. A. band, took their appointed place on Main Street. We carried a huge transparency.

1ST SIDE.

SALVATION ARMY WELCOMES
THE GOVERNOR GENERAL
AND
LADY ABERDEEN.

2ND SIDE.

THE
GREAT NORTH-WEST
PRAYS FOR YOU.

1ST END.

FEAR GOD.

2ND END.

HONOR THE KING!

The next day, on the steps of the beautiful City Hall, three addresses were presented to His Honor and Lady Aberdeens from the City Council, St. Patrick's Society, and the Salvation Army. Very kindly indeed did His Excellency reply to our welcome, as the following cutting, from the *Free Press* of September 23rd, goes to prove:—

His Excellency said:—

"I am very much gratified at receiving this demonstration of kindness of welcome; and good will from the Salvation Army. The address already handed to me, and of which you have just now given the substance, is certainly, though brief, a declaration which contains all that one would wish to see in any such utterance."

"Having for a good many years past had some opportunities of observing the administrations and operations of the Salvation Army, I can assure you I have long had a thorough conviction that these operations are for the glory of God, and therefore for the good of mankind, indeed it is now tolerably well ascertained by any one wanting to know the work, that it is not only of a most earnest character, but of the most far-reaching and thorough description. I wish to take in these opportunities of joining with you in these expressions of congratulation and cordial welcome, having come with such faith in the merit of General Booth to this continent. I have had the advantage and pleasure of some years' acquaintance with General Booth, and like everyone else who has heard or met that remarkable man, I join with you in earnest good wishes that he may be long spared to be at the head of this great and remarkable movement. I again offer you my best wishes for your success in the best sense of the word, and I am sure the more the Salvation Army is known, the more it will be regarded with confidence and approval quite apart from the question of individual views on particular forms of worship and devotion."

After His Excellency had finished, His Honor Lieutenant-Governor Schultz came across and presented Major and Mrs. Read, Ensign and Mrs. Rawling, and Capt. Shee, the officers forming the Army's deputation, to their Excellencies, who heartily shook hands with each representative.

We wish our readers could have heard the loving words and seen the happy looks on the faces of Her Majesty's representatives.

